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Advertising rates furnished with great cheer. Illustrations made open to anybody.  
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# BINGVILLE BUGLE

BY NEWTON NEVELLE

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**DON'T BE A TIDEWAD !!**  
Pay up your back subscription to the Bugle & thus fill a long-felt want on our part. We Can't Run a First Class Newspaper on Hot Air and Cold Potatoes.  
P. S.—If we are not in have the money with our wife next door.



UNCLE ARIOCH  
LOST THE SEEGARS  
WHEN HE BET HE COULD  
LIFT HISSELF BY HIS  
BOOTSTROPS.



THE MEN FOLKS STAYS  
AWAY WHEN THERE'S A HOUSE  
CLEANING.



EZRA SNODGRASS  
WISHED HE HADN'T  
DRUNK SO MUCH—  
AFTERWARDS



DAD SURE WAS DEEP  
BUT FANNIE WOULDNT  
KNOW HIM DOWN  
ANYWAY

## THE BINGVILLE BUGLE

The Leading Paper of the County  
Bright, Breezy, Bellicose, Bustling



How both the busy little bee  
Improve each shining hour—  
By gathering honey all the day  
From every opening flower.

The cheapest advertising medium in the  
county. If you believe in advertising,  
come and see us. For further information,  
call on or address the editor.

### INDIGNASHUN EDDYTORIUL

As we set down to write this editorial for this wks. Bugle and grip our pen vishiously in hand, as you might say, we be filled with richtchus indignashun at how narner minded and how little gumpshion some folks in Bingville has.

Tother day as we was on our way down town on business to Hen Weathersby's store to purchase a lb. of suggar, a lb. of prunes & some salt codfish & other necessities of life for home consumption we met Israel Hemmingway and says, "Good morning, Iz!" very pleasant & affable, but Iz stuck his nose up into the air and walkt past us with silent content.

When we got down to the store we askt Hen if he knowd what Iz had took a fense at us for and Hen says, "Course I do cuz he's been tellin it all over town—Iz's wife Samantha Sundayed Sunday before last with her sister over to Snake Bend and you never said a word about it in last wks. Bugle, that's why. Iz says he's a going to stop his paper and never pay for the 11 yrs. he is back on subscription."

You could of knockt us over with a feather when Hen told us that being as we was so flabbergasted. In the first place we never knowd that Iz Hemmingway's wife Sundayed with her sister, in the seckond place how in Sam Hill can we write a item about anything which we don't know about and in the third place Samantha Sundaying with her sister ain't sich a notorious big event in the first place.

Why didn't Iz Hemmingway come to us like a man and tell us that his wife Sundayed with her sister so we could of menthioned the fact? No instid of that he keeps his blamed mouth shet about it like as if it was a seckret & he was ashamed of it and then when there ain't nothink in the Bugle about it Iz gets mad and won't speak & threats to stop his paper & says he won't pay his back subscription into the bargain.

Dog-gone sich a narner minded little wizzled up hearted person as that ennyhow! Does Iz Hemmingway think we can keep track of every man, woman, child, dog &

cat in Bingville? If Iz wants to git his wife's name in the Bugle let her do somethink notorious for instants so we'll hear about it. If Iz is a waiting for us to apollygise to him & speak 1st, he'll wait a turrible long time. As for not paying up his back subscription that was somethink we never expectked to git outen Iz annyhow being as he don't never pay enny honest dett if he can squirm outen it.

### Country Correspondence

CALAMITTY CORNERS

Mrs. Gale Hooker had a hen to come offen the nest last wk with 18 chicks, but the poor hen is so weak she can't seckreely stand on her legs. Mrs. Hooker thinks the hen sprained herself trying to cover too menny eggs to onct. Well, why did she give the hen sich a big setting, we ask?

Several cows has come in fresh in our midst lately, having persented their various owners with fine calfs in each instance.

Ezekiel Snodgrass finished up the last qt. of hard cider in his barl one day last wk, then he set out on the front piazza singin coarse, vulgar songs and hollerin at passersby, thereby makin hisself ridicklus in the eyes of his nabers. There was a good deal of talk about it. After Ez got sobered up and lerned how he had conducted himself he was very humble and ashamed of hisself.

Jake Holmes says he has suspishuns that his blood is outen order, being as he has had 11 boils & 2 more coming. Jake says he calkulates he'll haft to do somethink about it.

Hannah Ormsby had a hen who was bent on setting, but Hannah didn't want her to set, so she dressed the hen off and had her for dinner last Sunday. Hannah says she guesses this will put a stop to that hen hankering to set.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

### Pertynent Personals

Hodge Peters tells us that he don't sleep well of nights. We ain't a mite surprised at this. We don't see how a person who owes us six yrs on back subscription to the Bugle can sleep for their consients prickin em all night long, and we hope other folks hereabouts will be kep awake from the same cause until they call at this offis and settle up.

Sample copies of the Bugle 5 cts. ea. These sample copies is fine to wrap up things in or to spread on kitchen shelves or to read as modern litterchoor.

Sim Wilkins, who lives next door to us, has been giving his premises a general cleaning up recent. Sim had a bon fire going for two days burning up old rubbish, leaves, et cettery, and the smoke come acrost and caused us & our wife to nearly sneeze our fool heads off. We will be glad when Sim gets through with his smoke makin.

Eph Higgins, our accommodatin P. M., opened a letter to Anne Hillier by mistake last wk. The letter was a dun to Ame from a man over to the co. seat who he had borrowed money from. Ame says it strikes him as if Eph has been opening a good menny letters by mistake recent, and if Eph don't stop it he'll complain to the P. M. General at Washington.

Hoke Peters worked hard all last Thursday for Cy Hoskins biding stone fence from sump to dark for only a silver dollar & boarded hisself, and after Cy paid him the dollar Hoke lost it outen a hole in his pocket on his way home & ain't found it sint. Hoke is awful disgusted and says that's the last day's work he expects to do for quite a while.

## Runn Off!

Job Johnsons Old White Mare Fannie Ackted Up Skandalus Tother Day!—Turrible Exsitement While It Lasted!—Nobuddy Hurt Except Fanniol

Job Johnson, who lives a mile below Bingville on the Hardcabbler road, driv into Bingville tother day behind Fannie in the buckboard to see if there was enny mail for him at the P. O., being as he haddent been for his mail for a couple of wks (there wasnt enny for him) & also to purchase a few necessities of life at Hen Weathersby's store, sich as tea, coffee, suggar & tobacco.

When Job got to the store he give the reins a turn around the buggy whip and got out and went into the store, leaving Fannie not tied. Hen says to him, "Better tie your mare, Job—she might take a fool noshion in her head to run off or somethink." "Her run off!" sneers Job; "Gosh, I kin walk fastern Fannie kin run."

Well, just as luck would have it, while Job was buying groceries what should a gust of wind do but blow acrost the road and right under Fannie's nose except a old newspaper. She pricked up her ears when she seen it comin and when the paper struck her legs with a rattle Fannie give a vishious snort and dasht down at a turrible pace.

Old Dad Henderson, who is deafen a post & can't hear thunder, happend to be crossin Main st right in Fannie's path but didn't hear her comin. Lem, Cookins, however, seen her comin and he also seen that unless Dad got outen the way Fannie was liable to hit him & knock the packin outen him, so Lem he holers at Dad as loud as he could holler, "Git outen the way, you blame fool, less you want to be runned over!" Dad stooped right in the middle of the road and puttin his hand to his ear says to Lem, "You'll haft to speak a leetle nite louder, Lem, being as you're on my deaf side!" Then Lem hollerd the same thing agin. Dad didn't hear no better than he did first time, but he diddnt like to admit it, so he answers back, "Yes, you're right, Lem—it is a d-d-burn fine day!"

Lem give a groan of despair jest as Fannie dasht past the Deacon. The buckboard wheels come so close to him that one of em jerked his cane outen his hand as Fannie dasht on her mad career.

By this time Job had run outen the store and tuk after Fannie on the run. First he throwd off his buffler coat, then his undercoat and a sweater, then his waist & he run, but he couldn't keep in sight of Fannie, and when last saw Lem had jest disappeared over top of Tecks hill.

Two hours later he come drivin Fannie back into town. Both her & Job was purty well winded, but Job was turrible proud of Fannie. He said he didn't know it was in Fannie, who is 22 yrs. old next June, to run like that, and he calkulates he'll enter in the free for all races to the co. fair next fall. Then Job driv back home.

### Lokal Squibs

Quite a number of families is cleaning house in our midst & things is all topsy turvy. As a result the men folks stays away as much as possible and spends most of their time down to Hen Weathersby's store. Hen says he has more losers at house-cleaning time than any other time.

Miss Almira Hobbs limped into church last Sunday like as if she was lame, and all during the service she kept sighin & sighin, then she limped home agin. Inquiry proved that Almira had on a new pr of shoes, No. sixes, whereas her reglar size is eights. No wonder you limped & sighed, Almira—you must of sufferd awful agony.

Bud Hinckley, who ain't quite right in his head, ketchd a live mouse and throwd it on Miss Amelia Tucker, our raining sossiety queen, while Amelia was walking down at tother day. Amelia's yells could be heard all over Bingville. Bud thort it was a good joke until Amelia ketchd him and cuffed his ears.

Miss Phoebe Hilderbrand, our fashionable dressmaker, who sung a solo in church choir last Sunday, looked as white as a ghost & skeerd to deth whilst she was singing, but she said she wasnt. What made Phoebe so white was that she got a leetle mite too much powder on, that was all.

Uncle Arioch Tucker bet Snide Petersby the seegars down in Hen Weathersby's store tother night that he (Arioch) could lift hisself with his bootstraps. Arioch busted both bootstraps & pulled so hard, he's had a stitch in his back ever sint. Arioch set up the seegars to the boys, but he says he would of done it if his bootstraps haddent busted.

Liman Peterson, while pruning fruit trees last wk with a pruning hook accidentally pruned off the end of his fingers instid of a limb. Lime was a good deal surprised at this and says, he don't know how he could of made sich a fool mistake.

We believe these is about all of the "Lokal Squibs" which we happen to think of at this writing, so we therefore won't write no more.

### Got Rid of It at Last

About a yr. ago Deacon Butterworth while over to the co. seat received in change a lead half dollar piece and ever sint then the Deacon has been trying to work off this counterfit half dollar on somebody else, but he has met with very poor suckers.

Somehow or other everybuddy who has received the half dollar found out later it was nothink but lead, and knowing who they got it from they tuk it back to the Deacon and told him if he diddnt give em a good half dollar instid they'd persecoot him to the full extent of the law. Haff dollars aint so plenty in Bingville but that when a person happens by hook or crook to git hold of one they know blamed well where it come from.

The Deacon was almost in despair at ever getting shet of the bad haff dollar, when last Sunday at church he was half asleep when the contribution plate was passed until Sim Hedges nudged him in the ribs and the Deacon woke up still half a sleep & flustered and blamed if he diddnt drop the lead haff dollar in the plate before he realized what he had did, so he made a grab to git it out agin, but Ezra Wilkins, who carried the plate, jerked it away, thinkin that the Deacon pretending to take back change would git outen the plate on purpose more'n he put in, which has been did before now in the Bingville church.

As a result the haff dollar will be devoted to helping along a good cause (providing it aint detected) and the Deacon has lost a chanst of ever getting his money back on it.

### Tuk Back the Floor Mop

Last wk. Hen Weathersby, prop. of our general store, got in haff a doz. of floor mops on long handles and sold one to Mrs. Lem Brown. After Mrs. Brown had used it for a few days she returned it to Hen and told him she wanted her money back. Hen desired to know why and she told him she never used sich a heavy floor mop in all her life and being as it smelt weigh

at least five or six pounds, it jest wore her out to use it.

Hen he sneered and told Mrs. Lem the trouble with sossiety wimmen like her was that they were spleeny & lackadaisical that real household work diddnt agree with em. Mrs. Lem told Hen that the trouble with him was that he diddnt have no more brains in his head than a summer squash to lay in a stock of sich big heavy lummixy floor mops as them, and if he diddnt give her money back to her at onct she'd show him whether she could use a floor mop or not! Then Hen give her her money back and she swep outen the store with a snort of disgust. Them who heard the conversashion says that they calkulate Mrs. Lem can hold her own with Hen enny time.

### Now Is the Time

Now is the time to subscribe for the Bugle before the hot weather of summer sets in, and then when it gets to be 90 in the shade you can set in the shade & read the Bugle and keep posted up on what is a going on in Bingville & the rest of the world, and no thanks to nobuddy but yourself. When you subscribe kindly pay us in cash. If you are already a subscriber why dont you come up like a man or a woman as the case may be and pay us something on your back subscription?

## BUY MY GOOD WILL & ET CET-TERY!

After giving the matter cornsieraful thort I have decided to go clean outen the umbrella repairing business onct & fore all. For this reason I am offering my umberella repairing tools, stock on hand and good will & best wishes to whoever desires to go into the business in my place.

I want you to know that I am the only umberella repairer in Bingville. I ain't got enny competeshion whatever an never had none. I persoon the reason for this is that there aint enuff umberella repairing trade in Bingville to support one umberella repairer, let alone two!

My goodness, if I was to depend on what I make from repairing umberellas in your midst for a living I would of starved to deth long ago. The trouble with half the folks in Bingville is that when ennythink gets wrong with their umberellas they repair em theairselfs rather than bring em to me to be repaired and thus help me to ern a honest living in the sweet of my brow. And the trouble with the other half is that ruther pay for repairing their umberellas they'd sleep around in the rain and take a shanst of ketching their deth of cold. This is what disgusts me with Bingville.

For my tools, good will & everythink else connected with the umberella repairing bizness I will take 75 cts. & if you think this is too much I'll take 50! I'm a going to sell out regardless of price!

See me before the golden opportochity is grabd up!

P. S.—Good reasons give for sellin.

IKE DOOLITTLE,  
Umbrella Specialist,  
Bingville.